

# SPORTS

## The Battle for the Championship

By Jack Denham.

Shortly after three o'clock this afternoon, that is at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning in Sydney, Australia, Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns, ne Brusso, christened Noah, will start their battle for the heavyweight championship of the world.

The result should reach here, allowing for twenty rounds and a reasonable amount of delay in cabling, between eight and eleven o'clock tonight. I understand that Jack Scully has arranged for a cablegram and he will doubtless show his usual courtesy in notifying questioners of the result.

Most of us, of course, want to see the white man win because the big negro has not a particularly ingratiating way with him and he has managed to make himself about as cordially disliked as he could if he were trying to do nothing else. During his last trip to Australia he had trouble with his manager and, while entirely wrong in his side of the dispute, took the cowardly method of beating up the other man who was about half his size.

But, to get right down to pugilistic precedent, there seems little chance for Burns provided, and I suppose we must spell that with a great big P, that the fight is on the square.

Australia is not an easy place in which to do crooked work. The sports there require absolute straightness as a sine qua non with all athletic performers. Both men will find it hard to get to each other with any monkey business, but there is always a way of doing these things and it cannot be said that either one of them can hold up his hands in holy horror and say that his record forbids any such suggestion.

Jack Johnson has the very obvious fake with Hank Griffin against him and Tommy was sadly implicated in the business that caused all bets to be called off the last time he fought Jack O'Brien.

As a matter of fact that fake would have gone through if it had not been for Burns' brother-in-law who happened on the spot just in time to stop it. He showed Burns where he would be losing money and prestige by throwing to Jack O'Brien as the San Francisco promoters would certainly give the winner of the bout the chance at Bill Squires.

Burns refused to throw the fight at the last moment and he and Tom McCaree agreed to have all bets declared off after O'Brien was in the ring so that the latter could not back out. Burns won his fight with O'Brien and got the chance at Squires which started him on his tour of the world, during which he met and defeated practically every white man of any timbre in the ring.

But Tommy Burns could not put Jack O'Brien away when he had him in his mercy. This happened in two instances. In the first fight at the end of 1906 Burns caught O'Brien a terrible snorker that opened up the latter's face all over. If I remember rightly that was in the seventh round and it seemed impossible for O'Brien to last another round. Under the light of the Cooper Hewitt lights everybody had the coloring of a corpse and the effect, when O'Brien was staggering round the ring with great blobs of violet colored blood falling from his agonized face, was something to make one shiver at the thought.

For ten rounds O'Brien ran away and then began to work back. He did this with such effect that Jim Jeffries called the go a draw. The second time Burns had O'Brien very much at his mercy because Jack had not been training. When the bets were called off by Charlie Eytan, a look of surprised horror crossed the Philadelphian's face. He expected to merely have to dance round the ring for a few rounds and then have Burns fall sweetly to the floor. He was not in condition and he knew that Burns would come after him for all he was worth. Even at that Burns could not land the sleep-producer and merely took the decision. That, of course, was some time ago and the Canadian has had much experience since that time. But he is going up against a man who is just about as clever as Jack O'Brien and twice the latter's size. It is possible that he may be able to throw himself into the negro's stomach and land a knockout blow there, but it is very doubtful, judging by what I have seen the big dingo do in the ring.

Johnson has always been a very careful fighter. He was always content to get the better of his opponent and then let things go without a knockout. He has often said that a man takes chances when he is looking for an opening, and he did not care to take those chances when he was sure of a decision. This method of his has got him disliked by the fans to a great extent and has lost him one or two fights, but it does not take away from the fact that Johnson has a big sleep-producer in either hand and can surely land on Burns.

As to the yellow streak that the big negro is supposed to have I cannot say that I have seen it. It may be there and it may be that he will grow so discouraged when he finds that Burns is an awfully hard man to put away and that the Canadian comes back for more after each wallop, he will give up. The money involved is so enormous in amount that there should be enough of it to fix Johnson. The question is, "Is it worth enough to Tommy Burns to meet Johnson's demands for a lay-down?" It may be, but Tommy is very, very fond of a dollar and it seems to me that he would think very seriously before giving up the twenty thousand that Johnson would probably demand.

Then again it is actually worth a good deal more than twenty thousand to the dingo to win the fight. There is no doubt that he feels perfectly confident of his own ability to whip Burns and he must know that such a whipping would open up endless possibilities of theatrical and pugilistic engagements for him. But, when one man is to receive so huge an amount of money as thirty thousand dollars for one appearance in the ring, there is no telling what he can do in the way of fixing his opponent.

If there is no monkey business and the fight is, as it should be, directly on the square, Johnson should surely win, according to precedent. Precedent, of course, is very unreliable at times, but it does not seem reasonable that a man weighing more than two hundred, built especially for a fighter, with a mighty reach and a terrible punch, should be defeated by a man weighing some twenty pounds less with much shorter height and reach.

Burns has a way of launching himself at an opponent that is very effective with a man of his own height. He stands off a little way and then seems to hurl himself through the air with wonderful accuracy and such speed that the other man has little chance to counter. Then, once on the inside of his opponent's guard, he starts a series of pounding stomach and kidney blows that soon wear a man down.

With all this rush of his and all of his wonderful strength, I do not think Burns can find the negro's midsection. If he does, he will soon worry Johnson, for that is the vulnerable point of all colored men. You might as well beat an anvil with a football as try to hurt a negro on the head, but their little old solar plexus has always got something weak about it, and that is where they get their.

As a matter of fact, neither one of the men has a record of any great class. It is true that Burns has beaten them all in the last few years, but they were none of them big men and none of them with any great reputation. Bill Squires has the paper jaw, Gunner Moir made it hard for him, but was only the same height and with less reach, while he knew nothing of boxing compared with the American-trained Canadian. He has beaten Jim Flynn, but then so has everybody else, and has also, by the way, taken a rattling good wallop from one Jawn Twin Sullivan, but that was in 1905 and does not count.

Johnson has put Denver Ed Martin, Hank Griffin and Sam McVey to the bad, all of them big and husky colored fighters. He has also defeated a good many minor stars in the East lately, but none to whom much kudos was attached.

It is barely possible that it will be a runaway, with Johnson sidestepping and blocking and Burns boring in all the time. In which case Burns will get the decision as sure as houses. But I do not think this likely. Johnson, if he fights on the square, and I really think he is sensible enough to do so, will go in with determination one time in his life, and, sturdy as the Canadian may be and much as we all want to see him win, I feel bound to take the pessimistic view of the situation and forecast a win for Johnson. Goodness knows, I hope I am wrong.

### BURNS' ONE AMBITION IS TO WHIP JOHNSON

Tommy Burns writes from Australia, October 9, as follows: "I am writing this on the train, going sixty miles an hour, on my way to fill a theatrical engagement—four nights for \$2500 and transportation for three. This will make a total of a little over \$50,000 I have earned in Australia up to the date of the Johnson fight, and does not include the moving pictures or transportation. So you see this is pretty good for a poor kid starting out with nothing. "McIntosh, the promoter, is a fine fellow and honest. I think he is the greatest promoter the world has ever known. With purses, pictures and transportation, it's costing him about \$40,500."

"Johnson," writes Burns, "will be here about October 31. He says he is going to stop me in twelve of the twenty rounds. I put up \$10,000 and I guess he won't cover it. That's the kind of easy money I like. I won't bet much on the result, unless I get some good odds, but, believe me, I'll fight for my life to beat this black man, and I'm sure I have it figured out so I'll win. It's the ambition of my life to whip Johnson."

### DR. ROLLER IS A TRIFLE PEEVED

TACOMA, Wash., December 11.—Professing to have become tired of the taunts of Ed O'Connell, the Multnomah Club wrestler of Portland, Dr. B. F. Roller of Seattle announced yesterday that he would agree to throw O'Connell thirty times in an hour for a side bet of \$500, the match to be held either in public or private. Roller holds the Portland grappler so cheaply that he is confident he can flop him over every two minutes for the space of an hour.

O'Connell beat Joe Heinrich of Spokane two out of three falls a short time ago and is matched to meet M. J. Dwyer, the man who taught Roosevelt how to wrestle, at Portland next week. Through the Portland papers, O'Connell has announced from time to time that he intends to meet Roller some time this winter. Roller is ready for the engagement any time O'Connell says the word.

### SPLITTING HAIRS.

Mrs. Chinnon—Tell Marie I want her to come up and take my hair down. Rose (the new maid)—Can't I take it down to her, ma'am?—Harper's Bazar.

## MORE SPORTS OFF FOR HILO

Another large crowd of sportsmen boarded the Mauna Kea when she left the wharf yesterday, all of them bound for Hilo and the big race meeting. Most of them were directly connected with the various stables but some went merely as horse-lovers out for a pleasant holiday, with the intention of spending Christmas with friends in the rainy city or on the nearby plantations.

Louis Warren was there, on his way to the track in good time so that he may oversee the final preparations of his two crack horses, Bruner and Indigo. He has high hopes of Bruner carrying off the big event, the Merchants' Stakes, and will overlook nothing that may help his stable to carry off the honors.

Jack Gibson, the premier rein-handler of the islands, had a bunch of well-wishers to see him off and his parting words shouted over the rail were that he was going to take the "Importation" round at a 2:03 clip.

The importation referred to is, of course, the pacer Harry Hurst that was brought from the Coast to put it over Waldo J. and the other speedy harness racers on the islands. If anybody can get the best speed out of a pacer it surely is good old Jack who has nerve, experience and courage.

Jockey Ferreira was there with his usual chime of bells. He had his big leaper "Guess Coming" on board and smilingly stated that he was going to show them something in the way of sticking that would make their hair stand on end. He also said that he had applied for his California Jockey Club license and expected to receive it by the first of the year.

Diek Davis, the Maui horseman, came up on the run at the last moment. It seems that he had some important business to transact in Honolulu and so took the Mauna Kea which arrived in the early morning, did his business and just managed to catch the Mauna Kea back again to Maui. He will take the same boat on to Hilo next Tuesday. He is a part owner in Parnell and Adion and has high expectations of what his stable will do at the meeting.

There has been quite a sensation caused among the horse dopesters in town, by the Hilo despatch which appeared in Monday's Advertiser. Judging by the time that Waldo J. is reported to have made over three-quarters of a mile the old-timer must be pretty well back to past performance class and it looks bad for the importation.

Jim Quinn will most probably drive the Oahu champion and there will be some lively betting on the subject when the pacers line out for the first heat.

The largest crowd of race-goers will be on the Mauna Kea next Tuesday when they will have their last chance of getting to Hilo in time for the races. Much disappointment has been expressed that the excursion was not run as it means more than a week to take in the races and a return on a small boat.

## Sport Notes

Here is a chance for some sprightly punster to get busy. In a bunch of eggs that came here from Kansas, one was found marked thusly, "B. R. Erwin, Haven, Kans. The Home of the Helpful Hen." What about early to bed and early to rise; never get drunk, and advertise! Eh? What?

The attention of members of the Y. M. C. A. is called to the chess tournament that is now being arranged. There are at present only nine entries and the promoters want to see some more. Come on now, some of you pawn-movers, and show them how to play the game.

There is going to be a series of basketball games between the High School and Oahu College in the near future. The date of the first game is not yet decided, but it will be soon after the holidays, and some exciting sport will result, as they both have humming teams.

There will be a meeting of the inter-scholastic powers that be, directly after the holidays, to arrange dates for soccer, basketball and track meetings, also to name the time of the beginning of the baseball season. Until that time, nothing definite can be said as to probable dates.

### Colds Are Dangerous.

If more people would make an attempt to get rid of the colds from which they are suffering, as a result of this changeable weather, there would be a decided decrease in the number of cases of pneumonia. A few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure your cold and all danger of its hanging on until spring and resulting in pneumonia may be avoided. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

## ROUNDING THE HORN IN FACT AND STORY

I ought to know something about rounding the Horn, as this is my fifty-first passage of it, and the largest vessel I was ever in was the ship Matchless, 1198 tons. I have read such remarks as this: "No vessel of less than a thousand tons could have lived through such a gale." What an absurd remark to make! How did the early navigators get around with vessels of from thirty to three hundred tons?

It makes me think of what was written and published in the papers about one of the captains of Bob Evans' fleet, who was sick in a Brooklyn hospital. "The terrible strain on his mind in taking that battleship fleet through the Magellan Strait had broken him up." If that were really the cause of it, and he a fair sample of the captains in the other fifteen battleships, may the Lord have mercy upon them should they ever have to fight the Japanese. I fancy I could find sixteen boys on Cape Cod, just twenty-one years old, who would navigate the sixteen battleships to San Francisco two or three times before breaking their constitutions; who, in fact, would look upon it as a picnic, as no doubt the whole fleet did, except, perhaps, Bob Evans, on whose shoulders was all the responsibility. Had he only one ship, I fancy he would have called it a picnic. Abe Lincoln said, "You can not fool all the people all the time," but you can not write anything too foolish about the sea (if it is bad enough) and there is someone to publish it, and they expect readers, providing it is only made terrible enough, no matter how absurd from a sailor's point of view, or how far from facts.

There was one man, and he not a sailor, that could write perfect articles about the sea—Charles Dickens. You can't find a word that he has written that a sailor would take any exception to; at least, I can't recall any.

And what has made me write this article? I have just come across the story in the Atlantic Monthly, May, 1908, "Round the Horn," by F. H. Shaw. The first few lines begin, "Bearing the flaky foam crests high in air and dipping them thousands of feet beneath the surface." What in the world does the author mean? Does he mean that the waves were thousands of feet high, when we all know that forty feet is the limit? The whole article from beginning to end is in the same strain. Now, Cape Horn is quite bad enough without trying to make it appear worse than it is. Again, he says, "It always blows a gale off Cape Horn." If it did we could not get around, so that is a misstatement. I fail to understand what he means when he says: "The steady Pacific Antarctic drift—a baffling current—runs here, and woe betide the man who once lets his ship get into the grip of that whirling stream." We all know there is a current setting round the Horn, towards the east, at the rate of from one to three knots, and now, to make a long story short, and tell all the troubles of Cape Horn, that current is all; but for that, rounding Cape Horn would be nothing. There is no worse weather there than in the Atlantic Ocean, and never a hurricane, and all a man wants is a good ship, properly loaded, and there is nothing to worry about. Of course, the larger the ship the better, but if she don't behave any better than the one Mr. Shaw was on board (I presume he was there), why, give me a smaller one.

He speaks of "wearing ship" as though it were a case of life and death. Why, we think nothing of wearing half a dozen times a day. I have been from all sail to a goose-winged maintop, twice in twenty-four hours, but what of that? But, then, we did not have "British sails," mostly Dutch, so-called, but in reality Scandinavian, and much preferred. Don't you take my word for it. Go ask the British shipmaster which he prefers. And speaking of goose-winged topsails, to quote from Mr. Shaw: "Bang, the lee clew of the maintop has carried away, and the sail is lashing about like a flail of death. But the canvas of that sail is strong and doubly strong; though it ships about with a noise of artillery, the sail does not split; only a length of chain is leaping in the air and threatening to brain any man who will venture within its sweep." And then the captain, after thinking a minute, though time is precious about that time, says: "Goose-wing it." Who ever heard of furling the lee clew of a topsail? All the sailors in the world could not furl the lee clew of a topsail when there is wind enough to part the sheet, for it could not have been the clew that carried away—if it had, there would not have been any chain sheet attached.

Usually, in bad weather, we have preventer sheets, and ease the sheet to take the strain off. Again, how much difference would it make to the course of that big ship, just that lee clew, or, rather, weather clew, for they have furlled the lee one? As I remarked before, all the sailors that could get on that lee yardarm could not furl that clew before it blew away. If it was blowing a terrific gale, in one minute it would be gone to pieces. They could furl the rope and rags, and, by good luck, save the weather clew, which probably they did in this case, and what the captain wants to keep all the sail he can on the ship for, is to steady his ship, especially if she is the brute you would imagine her from Mr. Shaw's description.

I should judge, also, that the ship did not lay up to the sea very well, otherwise, why does he haul down his foretopmast staysail? I should think he would keep it on till it blew away, if he has lee under his lee. I might go on and find many faults with what is written in that article, but I think I have mentioned enough to show they were not written by a sailor, nor for sailors to read. But don't believe me; just hand that article to any shipmaster who has weathered Cape Horn and he will not read it, unless you ask him for his opinion on it. I suppose somebody must read it, and like such stuff, or it would not be published, and I can tell

you of many articles, that this one is a true sea yarn in comparison with it. I believe if I wrote one of my trips round the Horn no one would publish it. It would be too tame; and yet an account of my longest passage to the westward, forty-three days, and only about one thousand miles of distance. We speak of rounding the Horn from latitude of 50 in the Atlantic to the latitude of 50 in the Pacific. Why, I doubt that anyone will care to publish this story I know, and one that I will guarantee to hold any audience in the telling, and the more sailors in the audience the better, to the Youth's Companion, but it was refused, not for the want of space, for a week or two later they had room for the most rotten sailor yarn I ever read—one that my sailors in the forecastle, though hard up for reading matter, would not read, it was so absurd and silly. Here is my story of rounding the Horn:

"Rounding Cape Horn." In the year 1905, we sailed from New York for Honolulu, in the bark Nuanuu. From 50 in the Atlantic to 50 in the Pacific we were just forty days, and though not my longest time in thirty passages to the westward, it was the hardest. I will copy the old log kept by the mate. You will notice it was in the midst of winter:

Tuesday, May 9, 1905.—Lat. 49.40 S. Long. 64 W. Moderate breezes from WNW., and fine weather. May 10.—Same weather; made 126 miles. May 11.—Southwest gale; hove to under two lower topsails and foretopmast staysail; made 92 miles. May 12.—Strong gales from southwest; heavy cross-sea; ship laboring hard. May 13.—Gales increasing, with snow squalls; wore ship to WNW. and hove to, under goose-winged maintop; and now our trouble all began, because the vessel was loaded too crink. She lay down on her side till the water was up to the main hatch; all the lee side was completely under and the water up to the fifth ratlin in the main rigging.

May 14.—Gale continues; ship on her side. May 15, p. m.—Moderating. From this date till the 21st, fighting the weather, sometimes all sail, and then down to lower topsails. On the night of the 21st made the light on New Year's Island. This is a small island just off the north side of Staten Island. We went close to it, within two miles. I believe there is a company of seal catchers here; anyhow it looked cheerful to see a light and the signs of habitation. If we had remained under two lower topsails, under the lee of this land for two weeks, while the southwest gales lasted, we should have been just as far along; but I was foolish enough to pass out by Cape St. John and down into the easterly current, which no sailing vessel can beat against under short sail.

May 22, 2 p. m.—Light breeze from southwest, which hauled to the westward and breezed up; reduced sail to lower topsails. May 23.—Wind northwest; blowing hard; ship under reefed topsails and reefed courses, as we have a leading wind we are carrying all the sail we can drag, and the ship plunging into a head sea from the southwest, and we know the wind will be out there soon. 8 p. m.—Wind shifted to southwest, with heavy squall of hail, lightning and thunder. Hove the ship to under a lower maintop, heading southeast, and, of course, drifting to the eastward. 4 a. m.—Moderating; made sail. May 24.—Still blowing hard from the southwest. 2 a. m.—Calm. 8 a. m.—Light breeze from the south; all sail set.

May 25.—Light breeze from the west. 6 p. m.—Fresh gales; reduced sail. 8 a. m.—Clearing; again made sail. May 26.—Came on to blow hard from south; hove to under a lower maintop and foretopmast staysail; terrific sea; ship laboring heavily. May 27.—Wind hauled to ESE, and moderating, but such a heavy head sea we can do nothing but pitch our jibboom under; Staten Island in sight to the northward; so you can see that for all our work since we passed out by Cape St. Johns we have made nothing, just six days.

May 28.—Wind back to the westward again; made sail; p. m., wind to southwest, blowing a heavy gale. May 29.—Heavy southwest gales; ship under lower maintop; lee side completely under water. May 30.—Continued terrific gale from the southwest. 4 p. m.—Moderating; made sail.

May 31.—Throughout the day moderate northerly winds and fine clear weather. We are getting back what we have lost the last two weeks. At 4 p. m. could just see Cape Horn from the mizen rigging, and my two passengers went up to see it, and got their only look at Hermit Island, which is Cape Horn.

June 1.—Moderate breezes from west northwest, 4 p. m. calm. Then came out from the southwest, in full force. Reduced sail to lower topsails. 4 a. m. hove to under goose winged main topsail, terrific gale, lee side under water. 7 a. m., just as daylight began to break a large four-masted ship came up astern. She was carrying a whole main topsail and foresail. We hung a light over the stern but they did not see it. Then we got out the fog horn, but still they came directly for us, straight for our stern. Called all hands, for we expected to be run down. It was awful to see that towering mass of iron coming on to us. We were helpless. Her great jibboom swinging through the air, rose up over our lower mast heads. We were laying down so and I expected when it fell it would crush into our little vessel. So I dropped the fog horn (which I had continued to blow till they were upon us), and throwing aside my oil coat, was ready to jump on board if possible, but the next sea, fortunately, hove her head to leeward, and those on board her had just discovered us. Their helm was hard up, and just by accident she cleared us, and went off to leeward.

Above the shrieking of the gale, we could hear the yelling on board of her. It fairly makes me shudder now

to write of it. He no sooner cleared us than he took in sail and remained about a mile from us all day, perhaps he thought we were sinking; we lay so low down in the water.

June 2.—We are drifting back again, the same gale continues.

June 3.—Same howling gale, drifting back.

June 4.—Gale moderating. During this night, I about made up my mind to give it up and go round Australia and got out my charts, but in the morning it had moderated, and there was our big ship, ten miles to the eastward of us, and I thought, if we could hold on as well as he, we could keep her going. We were now in longitude sixty-one west, eighty miles east of Cape St. John, or eighty miles worse off than we were fifteen days ago. How much better to have remained under the lee of Staten Island.

June 5.—Wind came out southeast, made sail, 6 p. m. hauled back to southwest; heavy gale, down to lower topsails again.

June 6.—Heavy southwest gale and snow squalls.

June 7.—A. m. moderating, made sail, head winds continue.

June 8.—Moderate breeze and fine weather, 8 p. m. Heavy snow squalls, from southwest.

June 9.—Snow squalls, wind hauling to west.

June 10.—West wind, thick snow storm.

June 11.—Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip! Hip! Hurrah! An east wind at last. Thick snow storm, but we made one hundred and sixty miles on our course.

June 12.—Southeast wind, hauling to west southwest, but we made one hundred and fifty-seven miles on our course. We were now north and west of Cape Horn, and could laugh at gales, for we have two legs now, because we can go north, as well as west, and after seven days more of fighting, on June 18, were in latitude 49.29 north, longitude 80.12 west, and round Cape Horn, clear of the current. To tell all the times we wore ship and took in sail, would be tedious, but we were awful glad it was over, and every day growing warmer.

We had no one hurt or injured, no man was laid up this forty days, and all did their duty. We lost one or two sails. Our crew was composed of as many as ten nationalities. I was the only American born. I am bound there now, in two weeks more, I shall be rounding the Horn again, and I have one man among the crew now that was with me that time. I happened to meet him in New York, but could not place him till he spoke of that voyage, and then I could paint a picture of him, as he saved the lower main topsail they were trying to goosewing. He took a gasket round and really saved the sail, but he don't know that he did anything extra. His name is James Steel and when he wanted to go again, of course there was a berth for him.

### DRESSING AND MOUNTING SKINS. How They Are Made Into Rugs—False Heads With Animals' Teeth.

If the reports of the large furriers are to be believed there is a veritable craze now for rugs made out of the skin of some wild beast. Thousands of skins are now converted into charming and delightful rugs, and they certainly include a great variety of animals, from the monkey to the lion and the little Teddy bear to the huge polar.

The dressing and mounting of these skins is at once a strange yet fascinating business. Naturally the most valuable skin today is that of the king of beasts. A lion skin, with a well mounted head and flowing mane, will fetch as much as \$100 or even \$120, though occasionally they can be picked up for \$50 or a little less. It depends upon whether it is a full grown specimen, the rarity of the species and its condition. When first received by the furrier the raw material certainly does not look inviting; but after a fortnight's work upon it, during which period it passes through as many as twelve different hands, it is converted into a charming and majestic rug, a fitting adornment for any mansion.

First of all it goes into the "pickling" vat, a receptacle containing certain chemical liquids, where it remains for two or three days. It is then scraped with large knives, when it is placed in a tub and beaten under foot in sawdust. It now passes to the drying room, where it is suspended on hooks and allowed to remain in a dry but high temperature for several hours. It is next beaten by two men with long canes. This beating has the effect of making the skin pliable. All that requires to be done now is to make all bad places good, such as bullet holes and rents caused through spear thrusts, and mount it. If it is desired to mount the pelt with a head the furrier has to call in the taxidermist to his aid.

The skin of the polar bear measures from 10 feet to as much as 12 feet or even 14 feet in length, and from 5 feet to 7 feet in width, a veritable miniature carpet of glossy white fur, 1½ to 2½ inches in depth. These rugs, too, are expensive, running from as low as \$35 up to \$50 apiece and more. It is only a connoisseur in skins that can tell their real market value. In the case of the polar bear it is very seldom that a perfect specimen is found. Most of these skins contain a slight shade of brown, whereas they should be of a pure silvery white color. It is this whiteness that decides their value.

Most of the heads used on rugs nowadays are made of papier mache, with occasionally the original teeth of the animal. They are covered, of course, with the animal's own skin. Making good the whiskers, the hair of the eyebrows and getting a lifelike pose about the face is a task which only an artist in this line can undertake. The skins of the tiger, leopard and the other great cats go through the same processes. Then the furrier will mount five or six of the smaller animals, such as the lynx, fox, wolf, etc., on one foundation, making them up into a good sized rug. The skins themselves are obtained by the furriers from the recognized markets. They secure them from the periodical fur sales held at the London docks, Leipzig in Germany, Nijni Novgorod in Russia, Bokhara in Persia, and so on. To these markets the great fur trading companies send their wares. These in turn obtain them from the trappers and hunters. We have some idea of the enormous trade done in this curious merchandise when it is stated that the annual value of the furs and skins sold in the recognized markets amounts to \$5,000,000.—Tit-Bits.